A PUZZLED RACE: A SHORT STORY BY KAY BOYLE

THE Nation

June 4, 1955
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Polio: Canada's Way

by Mark Gayn

German Storm Warnings

by Carolus

JUN 7 1955

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

Canada Points the Way

Mark Gayn's story on the Canadian polio program in this issue constitutes devastating criticism of our own. In Canada they planned boldly, tested cautiously, and centralized authority in the national government. Contrast this with Secretary Hobby's plaintive cry: "We could not foresee that the demand for the vaccine would be so great." It is true that Canada, a smaller country, faced a less formidable task. It is equally true that Canada has fewer facilities than the United States; only one laboratory there is turning out vaccine while six very large pharmaceutical houses were originally licensed to do so in this country. Incidentally, what happens to the argument that mass production under competitive conditions leads to lower prices? The vaccine produced in Canada's government-owned laboratory costs the consumer less than half as much as that sold by the private American laboratories.

Basically the American failure must be ascribed less to bungling than to a political philosophy that would protect private enterprise even to the detriment of public welfare. The attitude of the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare toward the Salk vaccine, a national resource developed at public expense, is no different, in this sense, than that of the Secretary of the Interior toward the T. V. A., another national resource developed at public's expense. In the Administration's last-ditch war on "creeping socialism," it has succumbed to creeping paralysis—an unhappily apt phrase. Were the only result a voters' revolt against the Administration and its political philosophy, the prospect would be bearable. But in this instance the lives of children are at stake.

No Time for Change

The British general election was at bottom a contest between two liberal parties, one of which had the great advantage of holding power. It was little wonder, then, that the Tories came back, a swing of less than 2 per cent of the vote giving them a margin of 59 seats in the new Parliament. Little wonder, either, that the official Liberal Party, which put up 110 candidates in an earnest attempt to stage a comeback, won only five seats. Middle-of-the-road voters could rally behind either Conservative Party or Labor position and feel comfortable whatever the outcome.

The most plausible explanations for the Tory victory are the obvious ones: relative prosperity, little unemployment, and a narrow, mostly rhetorical, difference on major policies. The split in the Labor Party, papered over for the purpose of the campaign, may have influenced the result somewhat—but not decisively. More important was the fact that the Conservatives have in large measure maintained and consolidated the "revolution by consent" made by Labor between 1945 and 1950. The welfare state is mostly intact, save for the denationalization of steel, and Labor could propose little more than its moderate expansion. In foreign policy, too, the Opposition found little it could challenge effectively. Mr. Eden deprived Labor of its best issue when he came out, immediately after ratification of the Paris pacts, for Big Four talks at the summit—and induced Washington to agree. Even the hydrogen bomb failed to give Attlee and his colleagues the explosive issue they needed. Labor's high command had favored the bomb, together with a policy of readiness for prompt retaliation. The difference between them and the Tory leaders was a minor one of degree rather than principle. And while Labor advocates a more conciliatory approach to Communist China, Mr. Eden is on record against any war to keep Chiang Kai-shek in power or to hold the offshore islands—and he was chiefly responsible for the Indo-China truce.

All this is not to imply that if Labor had defended a clear-cut Socialist position on domestic and foreign issues it would have come out better in the showdown. The returns, even in traditionally left constituencies, seem to indicate that Britain's voters are today in no mood for drastic policies or radical change.

Double Standard

When John S. Wood, a former Dixiecrat Congressman, returned from World War I to his native Georgia, he was, as he says, "a sort of joiner," and since the Ku Klux Klan was then "rather in the ascendancy," he gave the Klansmen a check for $15. Later, when he learned that Klansmen wore hoods and were often guilty of such acts as flogging Negroes, he asked for the return of his $15. Listening to Wood's testimony during a hearing on his appointment to a five-year-term as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, the Senate Judiciary Committee appeared to be quite uninterested. The name of the Klan appears, of course, on the Attorney General's list of "subversive" organizations. Would Mr. Wood's testimony have been treated so casually if he had admitted before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, on which he once served, that he had given a check for $15 to the Communist Party but later had asked for its return

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when he discovered that the party did not always abide by Robert's Rules of Order? Membership in the Klan was limited in 1919 to white Protestant Americans—a fact of such notoriety that Mr. Wood could hardly have been unaware of it. Perhaps the committee was justified in passing over this incident so lightly, and quickly, but it is hard to escape the conclusion that Congress adheres to a double standard of political morality when it winks at former membership in the Klan but denies the privilege of government employment, even in the most menial categories, to individuals who once belonged to popular-front organizations and left-wing committees that were set up to defend the rights of racial minorities.

Decline of the Right Wing

The most interesting political news of this spring's dull session of Congress continues to be the dwindling strength of the once fearsome right wing of the G. O. P. Abandoning the Senate to take his case to the people, Senator Knowland has been voicing his criticism of the President with less vehemence each time he speaks. In his most recent appearances he has been discreetly silent about the proposed Big Four meeting. In California, too, the Senator has fallen on bad days. The Reverend Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, addressing the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Los Angeles, sharply criticized the "apparent quiescence" of the state's religious leadership in connection with the "isolationist" and "go-it-alone-ism" of a "well-known Senator." Dr. Blake is president of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States. When Senator Jenner of Indiana speaks nowadays, he is almost certain to be attacked at home by Republican Governor George N. Craig, who said recently that Jenner's views on foreign policy were "neurotic." Noticing a nearly empty Senate chamber, Senator McCarthy stopped reading a carefully prepared twenty-two page speech attacking the President's foreign policy at page 7, put the rest of the speech in the record, signaled to his wife Jean in the gallery, and stalked out in high dudgeon. The chief of the Hearst bureau in Washington reports that Joe's followers are now singing the ditty, "Don't throw away your Confederate money, McCarthy will rise again."

Since the vote on the resolution condemning McCarthy, the strength of the right-wing G. O. P. faction in the Senate has steadily declined, until today it probably does not include more than six or eight Senators. What the decline registers, of course, is the growing realization in Washington that the President's latest approach to the Quemoy-Matsu and Big Four issues is meeting with great approval across the country. An unfavorable turn of events might restore the right wing to power, but its basic policy—to back Chiang Kai-shek in a war against China—is now hopelessly discredited. On this issue the right wing has made its bid for power and lost.

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The Court and The Cold War

THE implications of the majority opinion of the Supreme Court in the Emspak, Quinn, and Bart cases are considerably broader than the first editorial comments suggested. In reversing these contempt-of-Congress cases the Chief Justice took advantage of the occasion to remind Senate and House inquisitors that their powers are not unlimited. The power of Congressional committees, he pointed out, cannot be used to pry into the private affairs of citizens when the prying is unrelated to a valid legislative purpose; he thereby reaffirmed the sound but almost forgotten doctrine of *Kilburn* v. *Thompson*. Nor does the power extend to areas in which Congress is forbidden by the Constitution to legislate. The power to investigate, in other words, is no broader than the power to legislate—the court implied its acceptance of the contrary when it declined to review the case of the Hollywood Ten. This power, moreover, should not be confused with the power to punish unlawful behavior which is vested in regular law-enforcement agencies and the courts. Here the Chief Justice was reminding a forgetful Congress that the doctrine of separation of powers imposes limitations on the right to investigate that have yet to be defined. Finally, the power to investigate is always subject to the specific guarantees in the Bill of Rights.

Thus while the decision turns on a rather technical point—namely, whether the protection of the Fifth Amendment had been properly invoked—its tone and scope invest it with substantive significance. While not announcing any new principles, the majority's spirited defense of the Fifth Amendment reaffirms and possibly extends the scope of the privilege. The decision recognizes that the innocent as well as the guilty may invoke the privilege—that it may be claimed, for example, by a witness who is asked to name names. The majority recognize, too, the close historical connection between the First Amendment and the Fifth, a point which may be developed in subsequent decisions. Implicit in the defense of the privilege is a rebuke to those who have sought to discredit it by loose talk about "Fifth Amendment Communists" and the like. "If it is true," comments the Chief Justice, "that in these times a stigma may somehow result from a witness's reliance on the self-incrimination clause, a committee should be all the more ready to recognize a veiled claim of the privilege."

It appears, moreover, that the Chief Justice has succeeded in fashioning a new majority on civil-liberties cases; he was joined in this instance by Justices Burton and Clark, as well as by Black, Douglas, and Frankfurter. The majority decision breathes a strong, confident spirit that is in refreshing contrast to the fear-ridden "crisis" tone that characterizes the court's unfortunate concessions to the hateful spirit of the cold war in the Dennis case and those related to it. It may well mark, therefore, an end to the court's retreat on civil-liberties issues. Two *Nation* contributors—Frank Donner and A. L. Wirin—were of counsel in these cases.

Spring Thaw

OTHER civil-liberties items in the news reflect the thaw in the cold war. In California the state legislature headed into its final sessions with—to quote the San Francisco *Chronicle*—"a higher record for respecting, maintaining, and defending the liberties of Californians than any legislature since the end of World War II." When the Florida legislature tabled his proposal to establish a witch-hunting agency with power of subpoena, Special Attorney General Ellis Rubin announced that he would investigate those who had voted against it. The suggestion did not amuse the legislators, who promptly denounced Rubin as "a small-bore McCarthyite" and said that his threats had confirmed their worst fears about the measure. In Newark the House Committee on Un-American Activities received the liveliest reception of its experience, and strong community support was shown for so-called "unfriendly" witnesses. In New Jersey, too, the state bar association approved a committee report criticizing Senator McCarthy and his staff for the methods used in the Fort Monmouth inquiry. In Washington sixteen Democratic Representatives from New York demanded the removal of Scott McLeod as administrator of the refugee program. Owen Lattimore was granted a passport, and Judge McGuire of the Federal District Court ruled that the respondents in a deportation proceeding must be told the nature of the confidential information which had been used against them.

Former Senator Harry P. Cain, now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, in a vigorous speech in New York continued his campaign against the Attorney General's "list." According to Mr. Cain, not more than 30 of the 275 organizations on the list are "fronts" as defined by the Internal Security Act of 1950. Indeed, in his view the list represents nothing more than an attorney's advice to his client, "who started out to be the government but has become anybody and everybody else who makes use of the list." "As a citizen," said Mr. Cain, "I object to the advice because it is unintelligible, misleading, and a threat to the continuing vitality and strength of the nation's internal security."

Not all the civil-liberties news, however, is so pleasant to record. The continued harassment of Cedric Belfrage, editor of the *National Guardian*, can no longer be dismissed, if indeed it ever could, as merely another manifestation of the current deportation delirium. Both the manner of Mr. Belfrage's arrest, on an order for immediate deportation, and the fact that he was held without bail, suggest that the Department of Justice is playing a cat-and-mouse game with him in which his

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harassment has become an end in itself. The department should be defrosted; Mr. Brownell continues to act as if it were his intention to heat up the cold war that his chief is trying to abate.

Ten Cents a Voter

THE Senate Rules subcommittee has proposed a new code governing contributions in federal-election campaigns. National Committees could spend up to $12,000,000; the present ceiling is $3,000,000. Candidates for the Senate would be permitted to spend $50,000; the present limit is $25,000. Actually a candidate for the Senate would be permitted to spend $50,000 or a sum calculated by multiplying 10 cents by the total number of votes cast in either the last primary or the last general election for the office the candidate seeks. Candidates for Congress would be permitted to spend either $12,500 or the 10-cents-a-voter total; the present limitation is $5,000.

The proposal is not objectionable, but it ignores basic realities. For one thing, we should abandon the myth that campaign costs are "too high." As Dr. Alexander Heard of the University of North Carolina pointed out in recent testimony, campaign costs are neither too high nor too low; they simply reflect the necessities of American-style campaigns. Given the enormous number of diverse political interests in this nation of 160,000,000, as well as the enormous number of elective offices (750,000), the wonder is that so little an amount is spent on campaigns. While the subcommittee is justified, therefore, in recommending that the ceilings be raised, the real issue is not how much is spent but whether the electorate has an adequate opportunity to judge the views of the candidates. Since radio and television costs now constitute a large proportion of total campaign expenditures—approximately 16.8 per cent of the campaign expenditures of the Democratic National Committee in 1952 and 21.4 per cent of the Republican National Committee went for radio and television time—the government should guarantee responsible political competitors balanced and limited access to the networks either at reduced cost or at no cost.

But it would be better to have no ceilings than to have a system of regulation which sustains the myth that since campaign contributions are regulated by law, major social groups compete with substantial equality. Recently the Wisconsin legislature passed a law prohibiting labor unions from contributing funds to state political campaigns. In theory this puts unions on the same plane as corporations and cooperatives. The Madison *Capital-Times* pointed out that nearly two-thirds of all Republican campaign funds come from corporate executives; top executives of Wisconsin corporations, and their relatives, contributed more to campaigns than the total of labor's contributions. Four families—the Rockefellers, duPonts, Mellons, and Pews—made a total contribution of $163,250 to the Republican campaign in 1952. With a one-party press, one-party radio and television control, and one party access to unlimited funds from corporate executives, their sisters, cousins, and aunts, it is absurd to suggest that regulation will place the two parties on an equal footing. Better no ceilings than regulation designed to maintain the myth that since the duPonts of Delaware and Joe Jones of Brooklyn, a $60-a-week factory worker, are subject to the same law regulating campaign contributions, the duPonts will be unable to exercise their very great power at the expense of Jones and his kind. Ten cents a voter is neither too high nor too low; it is simply an irrelevant standard.

POLIO: CANADA'S WAY

Government Held the Reins . . . *by Mark Gayn*

Montreal

BACK in the very dark year of 1953 there were 8,900 cases of infantile paralysis and 481 fatalities in Canada. Last year the graph dipped sharply—to 2,400 cases and 105 deaths—but it was still bad enough to induce the government to sponsor field tests of the Salk vaccine in the provinces of Alberta, Manitoba, and Nova Scotia. Even at that time tentative plans were being shaped for mass inoculation should the vaccine prove successful.

By last fall these plans had reached the point where the Department of Health and Public Welfare was ready with specific proposals. When the medical officers from the ten provinces gathered here for the sixty-sixth regular meeting of the Dominion Council of Health, the federal government laid the plan before them. What it said in effect was this: If a uniform program of inoculation could be agreed upon, the department would finance half the cost of the new vaccine, with the provincial governments paying the other half. It was estimated that $750,000 would be needed to inoculate the most vulnerable group of half a million children.

Both vision and courage were needed by Paul Martin, Minister of

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Health, to make the offer. Biologicals in this country have traditionally been a provincial responsibility, and some of Canada's provinces are just as jealous of their prerogatives as the most ornery American states. Mr. Martin, however, felt that the threat of polio could be regarded as a national emergency in which federal action was justified. If the field tests of the Salk vaccine in Canada and the United States proved successful, there could be no delay in the launching of a mass inoculation.

It is to the credit of the Dominion Council of Health that it wasted no time. A five-man subcommittee that it appointed promptly drafted a national program which assured uniformity in the provinces, free inoculation, and restriction of the vaccine to the age groups which needed it most. One of the subcommittee members was Dr. R. D. Defries, whose Connaught Medical Research Laboratories at the University of Toronto had already done some important pioneer work in the general field. In fact, it was at the Connaught Laboratories that the young Canadian scientist, Dr. J. F. Morgan, and his associates devised "Medium 199," a synthetic medium in which polio virus could be grown in tissue culture.

In October, 1954, the Department of Health and the provincial governments signed the "contracts," and the Connaught Laboratories were told to go ahead with the industrial production of the vaccine. On April 12, when Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., gave the green light at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the vaccine was ready for distribution to the provinces on the basis of population.

Thus far, more than half a million children have been inoculated and are scheduled to get their second shot before the end of June. Nearly all the vaccine was administered through schools or clinics, to the prescribed age groups. One batch of Parke, Davis vaccine imported from the United States was distributed to doctors through drugstores and used to inoculate some 13,000 children. No more American vaccine has been imported as a result of the series of bans imposed by the United States Public Health Service.

By and large, the program has been carried out with only one minor hitch. In Quebec Province, the original decision was to inoculate children born in 1953. But on the appointed Monday only one child of each expected ten was brought in for inoculation. No one in Montreal is quite sure why. The reasons given to me have ranged from the fact that Monday is washday in French Canadian Quebec to the suspicion that the first ban in the United States might have alarmed many parents in Montreal. In any case, the provincial health authorities then ordered the vaccine to be made available to all children between the ages of three months and ten years. This brought on a stampede, especially in Montreal, where a turnout of 80 to 90 per cent quickly exhausted the vaccine at many clinics, and the "first come—first serve" rule had to be employed. If the Quebec health authorities misread the domestic calendar and the parental moods, they have redeemed themselves with an early $600,000 grant to the Institute of Microbiology at the University of Montreal for the construction of a new laboratory to produce the Salk vaccine. The building will be ready in July, and industrial production will begin in September.

WITH half a million children already given their first shot, Canada has had—at the time I write—only two "suspicious" cases. One was found to be something else than polio; in the other instance polio had struck the child only four days or so after the inoculation and must have been incurred before.

Canada's health authorities, however, are keeping their fingers crossed. It is felt here that "what looks simple in a test tube might prove to be very tricky in a vat." Contrary to the untrammeled early enthusiasm south of the border, the feeling here all along has been that the problems of testing the Salk vaccine have not all been solved. If any of the inoculated Canadian children develop polio as they did in the United States, medical experts here will be distressed but not surprised.

Yet one must also note that medical officials here are proud of the thoroughness of their testing procedures. The original testing, done at the Connaught Laboratories, is very similar to that carried out by

the American commercial producers. In the United States additional "spot-testing" is then done by the Public Health Service. Here the Department of Health has been content with nothing less than a *complete* retesting of *each* batch of the vaccine by the National Laboratory of Hygiene.

Thoroughness has paid off. In the earlier days of the program the National Laboratory, on retesting, detected suspicious evidence in several batches of 100,000 doses each. They were promptly rejected. Had there been no such comprehensive recheck, this vaccine would have been used, with possibly unfortunate results.

Two American firms have been licensed to import and distribute their vaccine here, and the first—and the only—batch of Parke, Davis vaccine brought here was not subjected to a retest. The Washington ban has of course stopped the flow of the American vaccine here; if it is resumed, the Department of Health will require the same thorough recheck that is given to the Connaught vaccine. The department sees nothing wrong with the testing procedures used by the American commercial producers; it simply is convinced that a second thorough check has justified itself. The government is now also insisting that the American firms, instead of shipping here a portion of their domestic output, send vaccine produced in its entirety for Canada. Two firms have tentatively agreed to this, but nothing further has been done.

Public-health experts here think

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that, apart from the unexplored characteristics of the industrially produced vaccine itself, the big problem for the United States Public Health Service lies in rechecking the vaccine. The "spot-testing" obviously has not worked out well.

BUT the main contrast between the successful operation here and the confusion to the south lies clearly not in technical procedures but in the underlying philosophy. The Liberal government in Ottawa is just as devoted to the concept of private enterprise as most G. O. P. stalwarts. But at the same time it is aware that there are important areas where the government must take over. Public health is one of them. As much as a year ago the government decided that polio was one area where federal initiative, guidance, financing, and supervision would be essential. In the United States no comparable decision was made. Much of the financing was done by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the production by six commercial firms. The difference in the approach was reflected in the results:

First, when the Department of Health and the ten provincial governments concluded their agreement last October, Ottawa was able to insure that the vaccine would be free and would go to the age groups most vulnerable to polio. In the United States roughly half the vaccine had gone to private doctors who could if they wished inoculate all those able to pay for it, whatever their age.

Second, state control here was matched by a most exhaustive double-checking of the vaccine. This has been in contrast to the catch-as-catch-can procedure adopted by Washington.

Third, early federal initiative here insured uniformity in administering the program that was tragically lacking in the forty-eight states to the south.

Fourth, the "polio season" here begins in July and reaches its peak in September and October. Without waiting to see what effect the mass inoculation will have on the incidence of disease, Mr. Martin has already made it known that Ottawa stands ready to finance half the cost of the vaccine needed in 1955-56.

Fifth—and this is perhaps the most striking contrast between the two programs—the Connaught Laboratories are selling the vaccine at cost, which is $1.50 for three doses. At a drugstore in Ottawa or Toronto the same three doses of the American commercial vaccine might be available at $6.60. This of course is the retail price, and if the Canadian government bought the vaccine in bulk from the American producers, it would expect to pay roughly $4.50 for three doses—*or three times what it costs to produce it here.* Canadian public-health experts are willing to concede that the six American drug companies had spent some of their own money to develop the techniques of industrial production. But this fails to explain the tremendous disparity in the cost—for the Connaught Laboratories have also had to develop these techniques. The American prices cause raised eyebrows here.

"If I were running a drug company," says one highly qualified expert, "I'd probably do what they're doing. I'd call the directors in and say, 'Look, boys, we've got this bonanza that'll last us four or five years. So let us exploit it for all it's worth."

IN GENERAL, the Canadian health officials are loath to criticize the Americans in their hour of trouble. All along there has been close United States Canadian collaboration on all levels, scientific as well as governmental. More than that, when Washington banned the sales of the vaccine abroad, it allowed some sales to Canada. Yet the confusion to the south has hurt Canada too, and the Candians would have been inhuman if they had remained indifferent. Ottawa, for instance, had been thinking of inoculating a total of 1,500,000 children this year with the help of vaccine bought in the United States. This hope has now been abandoned.

One indication of Canadian feeling is the circulation in at least one institution here of Walter Lippmann's recent article, Polio Vaccine and Public Policy, neatly pasted on white paper for easy examination. I have also met public-health experts in both Ottawa and Montreal who shared Mr. Lippmann's misgivings about the "dramatic buildup, the theatrical suspense, and the spectacular publicity" which attended the Ann Arbor announcement. There is widespread agreement with this view that the "blazing publicity was bound to convey, as it did convey, the misleading impression that a full solution had been found"; and one finds an almost identical belief expressed by Mr. Martin: the vaccine is "a very encouraging beginning . . . not a total and complete preventive of paralysis from polio."

Some of the experts I have met felt Washington should have been ready with national legislation even while the field tests of the vaccine were in progress last summer; or, at the least, should have initiated detailed consultations with the scientists and manufacturers last year, instead of waiting until May. There is, finally, a belief here that the American press, by and large, contributed to the confusion and shock by reducing a major item of medical research to the level of a glorious bar-room brawl. "Here in Canada," I was told, "the press has cooperated with us in toning the story down and in keeping a sane approach to this difficult problem."

But in the end it is relatively unimportant whether the United States Public Health Service did or did not begin holding comprehensive consultations until this spring, whether the Ann Arbor ceremony was conducted with the desired decorum, and whether the bulk of the American press has thrown its blackest headlines into the exploitation of the polio tragedy. The only thing that really matters is that Canada has demonstrated that the program could be carried out with a minimum of hitches and a maximum of safety, with the greatest benefit to those who need the vaccine most, and at the lowest possible cost.

This is the great lesson that Canada offers Washington. The failure of the United States government to take over control of this crucial program from the outset was a costly and even tragic blunder. The human costs are bound to soar if the present haphazard course is pursued. From this vantage point there still seems to be time and opportunity to put the "Canadian experiment" to good use in the United States.

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GERMAN STORM WARNINGS

The Drive for Neutralism . . *by Carolus*

Bonn

TEN years after Hitler's end and Germany's unconditional surrender *de jure* sovereignty of the West German rump state was proclaimed. Bonn entered NATO and became Washington's ally; remilitarization was assured: John Foster Dulles and Dr. Adenauer had reached their goal.

It would have pleased the federal Chancellor if the church bells had been rung, if a national holiday had been proclaimed, and if he himself had been hailed as a new liberator and the country's guardian angel. Nothing of the sort happened. The fifty million Germans of the Federal Republic remained cool and made caustic comments about the kind of sovereignty granted them. In the letters column of the *Frankfurter Nachtrichten,* a reader wrote: "In 1914 and in 1939 we had our sovereignty, and both times this sovereignty ended in war and endless misery. There are indications that our new sovereignty will take the same road."

Even Dr. Adenauer's most loyal supporters looked enviously toward Vienna, whose "treachery" has added some extremely bitter drops to Bonn's official cup of joy. Not one speaker, in Parliament or at the official banquets, expressed a word of thanks to the Western Allies who had allowed the German phoenix to rise from the ashes—from ruins, hunger, and the disgrace of unspeakable crimes—to such a height. In ten years the West German state had become the strongest economic power in all Europe (including Great Britain), with an industrial production which had nearly doubled since 1935.

Dr. Adenauer's first disappointment came on May 5. He had planned to make the solemn announcement of the country's sovereignty to Parliament in the presence of the diplomatic corps, but when the Western ambassadors arrived at the appointed time, they found the session had been postponed. Parliament was in an uproar. Even Adenauer's own party was ready to revolt. It had been discovered that the final sentence of his proclamation was to be: "Germany is again a sovereign state." After several hours of debate behind the scenes, the Chancellor was compelled to change it to run: "The Federal Republic is again a sovereign state." To complete his discomfiture, he had to permit the proclamation to be read by the speaker of the house. If he had read it himself, the opposition would have taken advantage of its right of subsequent debate, which was at all cost to be avoided.

ANOTHER sour note was the news from England. Several years ago an Anglo-German Association came into being, dedicated to the discussion of foreign-policy problems. The association usually met around Easter at Koenigswinter, near Bonn. This year, too, prominent representatives of the British and German political parties and of the press gathered in the little Rhineland town. And on May 2 the Germans were amazed to see on the front page of the largest German daily, *Die Welt,* the banner headline: "Wave of Indignation in England; Germany Accused of Being Unreliable."

The report of the Koenigswinter debates which Richard H. S. Crossman contributed to the London *New Statesman and Nation* of April 30 began as follows:

> "The ingratitude of these damned Germans. I shall never trust them again." The place where this was said to me was Koenigswinter. . . . The speaker was a well-known Labor M. P.—a supporter of German rearmament who has often bluntly told the Commons that since the French are hopeless, we must forget old scores and trust the Germans as our allies in defense of Western civilization. . . . This year, throughout the Federal Republic, the wintry climate of cold war has suddenly changed and German loyalty to NATO is breaking up like an ice pack in spring. No wonder the British M. P.'s who believed that West Germany had been safely frozen into the West were shocked by what they saw and heard at Koenigswinter. Editors of staunchly anti-Socialist newspapers, right-wing generals, even members of Dr. Adenauer's coalition were all thawing out of their rigid Western orientation, stretching themselves toward Moscow, whence Dr. Raab had just returned to Vienna loaded with concessions.

Disregarding the comments of the London *Daily Telegraph,* the *Sunday Times,* and even the British radio, which were in similar vein, I will simply cite the reaction of the arch-conservative *Economist,* which declared after the return of the Tory delegates from Koenigswinter:

> One visitor to the conference remarked bitterly that he had heard of rats leaving the sinking ship but never of them deserting one that had just been launched. But that was the impression gained by the British from the Germans at the meeting—that they were planning to leave the Western alliance before the ink on it is dry. . . . The suspicion was aroused . . . that the Germans have gained what they want from the West—sovereignty and the right to rearm—and think now is the time to sell it to the East.

What shocked the British delegates and started the reported "wave of indignation" was basically the same thing that today embitters Dr. Adenauer: the Germans are playing *German* politics, not British or American politics. Phrases like "defense of the West" or "defense of Western culture and Christian civilization" are good enough if they serve Germany's purpose. But Western integration can go to the devil if it is to be paid for with the permanent division of Germany and

CAROLUS is the pseudonym of The Nation's *correspondent in West Germany.*

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with the chance that Germany will be battlefield in another war.

Adenauer's most sincere adherents did not expect this kind of bargain. For him, it was no slip of the tongue when he identified the Federal Republic with all Germany. But for the people and their representatives in Parliament it was blasphemy, and the British at Koenigswinter were so notified.

AT ABOUT the same time—around Easter, when the spring thaw set in—the Bonin case came up. During World War II Colonel von Bonin, member of an old aristocratic family, was chief of the operational division of Hitler's armies. In the present Bonn Ministry of Defense—which in collaboration with General Gruenther, commander of the NATO set-up, has been busily preparing Germany's remilitarization—he was one of the shining lights until, shortly before Easter, Adenauer fired him without notice. The obvious reason was that Bonin had protested against Gruenther's and Adenauer's military plans and political concepts. In speeches, articles, and memoranda he had explained that it was senseless and unpatriotic to defend Europe at the Rhine with the help of German soldiers—as provided by NATO—instead of defending the West German state at the Elbe. Colonel von Bonin does not want West Germany to contribute troops to NATO, since in that case the Russians will remain in the east zone and Germany will not be unified. He does not want a West German army of 500,000 men, which can be created only through universal military service. He wants a small elite army of 150,000 mercenaries on a voluntary basis, a force held firmly in hand by its leaders and capable of wielding political influence, a force like von Seeckt's Reichswehr in the early days of the Weimar republic. Bonin insists that most of his World War II comrades and most German generals share his views. And according to what people are shouting from the rooftops about the composition of the new German army and the selection of its officers, he must be believed.

The lesson to be learned from the Bonin affair is that the Western powers should not underestimate the increasing desire of the Germans for reunification. What today is a comparatively mild breeze blowing from Vienna may tomorrow turn into a storm that will sweep away all the West's illusions. With Adenauer, the last barrier will fall and he is now eighty years old.

Whatever the respective strengths of the political parties, their composition in today's West Germany must be understood mainly in terms of class and religion: the foreign policy of the Social Democratic opposition is also that of the Protestant church and the trade unions. Its fundamental tenets are:

1. German unity and European security are inseparable. They can be attained only by four-power negotiations and an understanding with Soviet Russia. The Soviet Union must not be confronted with the *fait accompli* of German remilitarization. Militarization and unification are as fire and water.

2. A unified Germany must not join any power bloc. It must become a member of the United Nations and also a member of a European collective-security system still to be created, to which it may make its military contribution. Before unification, neither of the two zones should belong to any military bloc.

3. Until a European regional security pact is created, there must be a four-power guaranty for all Germany. All foreign troops must be gradually withdrawn, both East and West. The Western European Union, to which Britain and France will belong, must be expanded to include East European states that may wish to join.

This program of the Social Democratic opposition undeniably resembles Nehru's concept of a neutral power bloc in Asia and Tito's goal of a neutral European strip extending from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean. Dr. Adenauer, the close friend of John Foster Dulles, is of course unalterably opposed to the program, which explains his eagerness to carry out remilitarization.

ADENAUER'S coalition partners, especially the Free Democrats, the second-largest government party, voice strong criticism of the Chancellor's negative attitude toward the question of unification. At the beginning of May, Dr. Schwann, a Free Democratic deputy, visited the Russian High Commissioner in the east zone. Adenauer would have been pleased if the party had expelled this bold explorer behind the Iron Curtain, but it did not do so. At present the Free Democrats are in the throes of severe internal conflict. Many members, like the industrialists and the propertied middle classes, are afraid of a Soviet-American understanding at the expense of German unity. These elements are urging an agreement with Russia which will open to them the lost markets of Eastern Europe and China.

For the protection of their class interests against the demands of the workers the propertied middle and upper classes want an army, but they are wondering whether an understanding with Russia and Germany's reunification can be coupled with a German army, whether their particular class interests can be reconciled with national interests. The Free Democrats would like to solve the problem by having the "sovereign" Bonn government resume diplomatic relations with Moscow and negotiate pending issues.

In its report of the Koenigswinter meeting, the London *Economist* of April 13 said:

> If the Bonin episode proves how essential it is to rearm Germany inside a Western framework, because the Germans would have rearmed themselves anyway, the Koenigswinter discussions show how necessary it is for the West—including the Adenauer government—to keep the initiative in reunification, because the Germans will otherwise reunite themselves inside a Russian cage.

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A PUZZLED RACE

A Short Story . . *by Kay Boyle*

THERE was nothing of the bureaucrat, nothing of the acquiescent man, or the bending reed in him, although he walked out of a building that housed government offices with an ease that signified he was familiar with the territory. He was gray-haired, and neither tall nor short, not old or young, with a quality as solid as stone about him, and a vigorous step. The air felt foolishly tender and light on his cheek as it might to a man newly in love, he thought, and the delicate leaves of the trees before him, the floating heavens, seemed too ethereal to be a part of Germany. Behind him was the vast, familiar honeycomb of the offices of the United States High Commission, and as he started down the steps he thought of his age, and a network of lines diffused in humor around his eyes. *I'm too old to feel this pull at the heart,* he thought, but in spite of the accumulated years of his life—nearly fifty now—and of the political climate of this particular year, the spring all about him seemed almost lovelier than any spring he could recall. It had not been lent this poignancy because of any wild new attachment either to woman or to country, he knew as he waited for the uniformed driver to bring his car up to the curb. His wife was his established love, and he needed no other, and America was his country. No surge of nameless emotion could persuade him now that Germany was better than he had believed merely because its outer texture was transformed by May.

"Home first, and then to the airport," he said to the back of the driver's head as he got in the car and closed the door; the same head, the same set of the cap, the same flushed cartilege of the ear, he had spoken his directions to for two years or more. *And this perhaps the last day I'll ride behind him,* he thought, and he lowered the window-glass and looked out in silence on the vineyards they were passing. The vines hung like emerald necklaces on the high, tilted slopes above the swiftly flowing waters of the Rhine. Perhaps he felt this sudden tenderness for the landscape of Germany because he might not see it just like this again, for in a few hours' time he would be leaving it, and, if he returned, he knew this defenseless moment of its rebirth in spring would be forgotten as the Ice Saints of May came shivering in. He had come to know it as a country in which one iron season seemed to follow upon another because of the iron faces, the iron intentions, the bland, iron aplomb. But as he settled back on the deep cushions of the seat, it seemed to him for just this brief instant that he too had laid down his arms, and that Washington could do exactly as it wished with him. *Just for this second, as I look out,* he thought, *I do not care.*

WITHIN a quarter of an hour they had reached the housing project, and they drove past the rows of two-story apartment buildings that zigzagged, bright with stucco and nickle and plate-glass, among the apple and pear trees of the farming country whose fields and orchards had followed the river here before. This was the American enclave, with an unfinished look to it still, but the circular flowerbeds before the post exchange and before the coffee shop were planted with purple and white hyacinths, and grass was beginning to grow at last on the stretches of tan mud around the commissary and the gas station and the dry-cleaning plant. One strip of newly broken land along the Rhine seeking with desperation to emulate America, the man reflected, but failing because the reason for America was not there. Except for the bicycles, the kiddie-cars, the tricycles, of United States make, that lay discarded on sidewalks and cement-bound lawns, and for the children coming home from school, bands of them in blue jeans and cowboy boots, even a group of Cub Scouts in shirts and caps of blue and gold it was still Germany. From the car, he could hear the children's voices, Midwestern, tough, and at the same time vulnerable and shrill, stirring in him the memory of other springs.

America, he thought, his arm held in the car's brocaded sling; *this time you're going to show me a grimmer face.*

Beyond the apartment houses were four geometrically angled and roofed houses, built closer to the river and given an aura of seclusion in indication of the higher rating of the men who lived within. The car had entered the drive of the first of these, and at once the man saw the boy waiting on the path that led to the white stone step and the clouded glass of the front door.

"We should leave at four. I'll have my bag ready by then," the man said to the back of the driver's head, and he moved forward on the seat. "Get them to fix you a meal in the kitchen before we go. You'll get back late." The car had stopped, and the man got out, and closed the car door behind him, and started walking toward the boy. "Isn't it getting too hot for the coonskin cap?" he said.

Even before the car had stopped, the boy in his blue jeans and red flannel shirt had begun coming, without haste but doggedly, over the flat slabs of the pavings that marked the path. And now, head lowered, he turned on his black-and-white sneakers and fitted himself against the man, his left shoulder pressing, thin and strangely forlorn, into the hard bones of his ribs. He put his hand on the boy's right shoulder, feeling the brittle, inverted cup

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KAY BOYLE is well known as novelist and short-story writer. Her latest book is "The Seagull on the Steps."

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within his palm, and the sharp wing of the shoulder blade.

"Can I go to the airport with you?" the boy asked, not looking up. He was watching his own feet and the man's, lengthening his step to walk as the man walked as they went toward the smooth white step and the ultra-modern door.

"It would be better if you stayed here," the man said. "Mother doesn't want to leave Vinnie while she's coughing still. You'd better stay with them."

"I'm going to have lots of trouble with my arithmetic," the boy said. "Are you sure you have to go?"

"Yes, I have to go," said the man, and he looked down at the silvery, brown-tipped hairs of the raccoon cap and the strip of leather that formed the crown. "They want me to answer some questions over there," he said.

"How many days will it take?" the boy asked, and now he hung back a little, prolonging the moment before they must go up the step.

"I hope it won't be more than a week," the man said, walking slower too. The striped raccoon tail hung the length of the hollow of the boy's thin neck, and when he raised his head quickly to look at the man, the tail swung, fat as a caterpillar, to one side.

"What kind of questions will they ask you?" the boy said, scrutinizing the man's face now.

"Oh, about people," said the man, and he looked down into the long-lashed eyes below him. The brows were as black as his own brows, but delicate and silky, and the eyes were clear and gentle and a translucent blue. "Just about people I used to know."

They had come so close to the scrubbed white step that had they moved forward they would have mounted it and opened the door and gone into the house together, but the man lingered too, as if reluctant to let this moment go. He felt the perishable bones of the boy's shoulder in his palm, and he thought of the process that turned the softness of a boy's substance to that of a man, the toughening, the hardening, the growing suspicion of one another, and the final dying of belief, until citizen suspected citizen, and friend looked warily at friend. *When does it begin? How does it happen?* the man thought, looking down into his son's face. *When do men begin doubting each other, and fear to look into each other's eyes?*

"WHY can't you answer the questions from here?" the boy asked, his head tilted back, holding stubbornly to the idea that the man might still not go.

"I answered them from here," the man said, "They want me to say it over again, out loud."

"Because they didn't believe you?" the boy said, his eye gone a little shrewd.

"Perhaps some of them didn't," said the man. Looking at his watch, he thought: *I must go now. I must get my things together, get my papers straightened out, the last things said to Mary before I go.* And then he saw the look in the boy's face, and he turned abruptly, and drew him with him down the stone path, their backs turned on the house. "I don't want you to worry about it," he said, his hand holding the boy's shoulder hard. "It's going to be all right. Last night I found a book about Daniel Boone on the floor beside your bed. It must have fallen off when you went to sleep. I picked it up and I read it straight through to the end. Maybe you haven't come to the part where they didn't believe the answers Boone gave."

"I'm at the part where his son gets killed by the Indians," the boy said, walking close to the man.

"Well, you'll read the rest," said the man. "You'll read about how, at one time in his life, his fellow-citizens couldn't agree about him, so there was nothing for it but to have a trial." He and the boy had left the angularly paved path and crossed the drive, and they stopped at the edge of the field that, generations before the Americans had come, must have been plowed by German plowshares, drawn by German horses, driven by German hands. But now the field waited, as if in bewilderment, neither pasture nor orchard, garden nor lawn, and certainly not fallow land. "Look," said the man. Through the ancient trees that leaned, lovely with May, at the end of the field, could be seen the swiftly passing Rhine, and great, handsome barges rode the current, so heavily loaded that only their cabins, as pretty as cottages, with geraniums blooming in their window-boxes, and children playing at their doors, seemed to rise above the water line. Yet however heavy the cargo that they bore, they sped along with singular festivity, as if to the pace of music rippling fast across the water and the air. "There goes a barge flying the Belgian flag," the man said, and standing there with his son in the delicate, spring light, he suddenly saw the words as clearly as if they were written out across the mud and grass. "Men who in private had questioned Boone's loyalty now doubted it in public," went the grieveous legend, and he looked away from it to the pennants of bright, flapping clothes that hung, drying, upon the barges' decks. "They were cruel, and they were unjust, but they were very natural, these grave suspicions of Boone's loyalty," the words went on. "Americans were a puzzled race in those years . . .There was nothing for it but a formal trial." The man said, watching the barges go: "I'd like to take that book with me on the plane tonight."

"Sure, you can take it," said the boy, but his mind was on something else now. "If you got on that barge then you wouldn't have to go to Washington. You could go to Belgium instead."

"Except that isn't where they're expecting me," the man said.

When they turned to go, the words that he had not said aloud moved with them, and the man watched them pass, like subtitles on a movie screen, across the macadam

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of the drive. "That Boone ever really contemplated treason is a ridiculous idea, disproved by all his years of faithful service," went the tape recorder of his memory. "It was not the last time that he was to feel the ingratitude of his friends, but it was the first and perhaps the bitterest. . . ."

"In a week they're going to have the kite-flying contest like last year," the boy said in a low voice as they went up the path.

"I'll try hard to be back for it," the man said. "I'll do everything I can."

"But in the end," the boy said suddenly when they reached the step; "I mean, this thing about Daniel Boone. Did they believe him in the end?"

"Yes," said the man. "Of course they believed him." He could not say to the silvery hairs of the cap that moved below him: *They acquitted him, but something was altered in him, something they hadn't the power to condemn or clear. Boone went to Spanish territory, to Louisiana, in the end, and became a Spanish magistrate. He didn't want to give up his American citizenship and become a Spaniard. But he did. It meant becoming a respected man, and making a living for his family again.* "They had a trial, and he was acquitted of the charges. You wouldn't be wearing a raccoon cap today if he hadn't been acquitted. Boone wore his cap for half a century before Crockett came along," he said, and he pulled the plump, striped tail as they went up the step together. "In later years," the words moved in silence across the frosted glass of the door, "his children often repeated Boone's stories and his opinions, but to this episode they seem never to have referred." "I'll be back in a week, and I'll bring you a kite, and we'll fly it, and perhaps we'll win," the man said. He was thinking of his wife upstairs as he walked into the hall.

THE LOHARS GO HOME

Vignette of Today's India . . *Elizabeth Partridge*

New Delhi

IT WAS a *tamasha* after Nehru's heart. For the Lohars a 400-year-old pledge had been redeemed. Excitement rippled through the crowd like the color in the Flame of the Forest trees. The ochre earth of the Rajasthan Desert atomized under that searing sun into a fine cloud of misery. It sifted into eyes, nostrils, throats and lungs, gritting between teeth and toes, harsh under palms and fingertips—equally for Mr. Nehru, leaping from a scarlet sedan, as for the boy brushing off bruised rose petals from wet fingers: dust the great leveler. The crowds surged around him, "Nehru ki jai!" A headache for the sweating security officers but the stuff Nehru's dreams are made on.

The Gadi Lohars trace their origin, it is said, to the Rajput defenders of Chittor, the ancient Mewar capital which fell to the Moguls in 1568. Driven out of the fort of Chittorgarh into fitful guerrilla warfare, these artisan Lohars became in time nomad blacksmiths. They took a vow that they would never return until Chittor was free, never settle in one place but roam in carts, never draw water with a rope, never light lamps near their carts, and never sleep on cots—never until Chittor was freed from foreign invaders. Which it was seven and a half years ago, though not until this year could Nehru make them believe it. Now he could lead them back into Chittor.

It's much too good a story for the cynics to spoil. True, the Lohars are not mentioned in Todd's "Annals of Rajasthan," but a Mr. Patterson, another of those indefatigable mid-Victorian chroniclers who seemed to administer British India as an after thought, does allow them. And how else account for those nomad blacksmiths all over India, speaking a form of Rajputani, bound by hearsay oaths, father to son ("Never cross the Bhagmeri River into Chittor until it is free!"), sleeping in the monsoon under reversed cots?

"Stuff and nonsense, tomorrow's ceremony," growled a quite different descendant of the Rajput warriors, Sandhurst educated. "They should ask us, Madam, what we think of it, ask *us*, the descendants of the real defenders of Chittor. What fighting did the Lohars do, may I inquire?" "It's all this equality nonsense," he added darkly. A last Rajput defiance against the inroads of socialism.

But anyway, there they were, some 4,000 Lohars, rounded up on reduced fares from all the states, waiting for Nehru to lead them across the Bhagmeri into Chittorgarh Fort. Never since Rajput clashed sword with Mogul had there been such tumult in Chittor, its 10,000 population swollen to 100,000 as the people piled in on foot, on train footplates, in bullock carts. The Rajasthani still looks a warrior in his *dhoti*, his wife like a princess in her swirling skirts—not even the dust could blunt those purples and reds, silver-embroidered. At least one woman was carrying a sword.

They swarmed round the Lohars, strangely quiet by contrast, disciplined into a procession by loudspeakers since dawn. Tall men—taller by reason of their festive pink turbans, full twenty yards twisted up and up—curly hair tumbling to their shoulders, silver medallions on bootlaces round their necks. Near them their carts, gaily decorated, some beflagged, some bearing Shiva tridents, drawn by little milky oxen in red and blue coats. Seated in the carts with their children were the Lohar women, half a dozen silver

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bracelets on arms raised to veil their faces from the curious.

At the head of the procession a young Lohar bore aloft a model of a cart containing a cot upside down. In the ceremony at the bridge Nehru would reverse it, symbolically freeing the Lohars from their vow. As press photographers jostled him for their insatiable public, the young Lohar leader seemed to draw on that innate dignity found inviolate in most Indian peasants, on which Nehru builds his hopes for a brave new India more than on the technology of the Westernized few.

As the scarlet sedan approached, a full-throated roar went up, and the crowd, surging into the road, blocked the bridge. A red banner across the bamboo arch came loose at one side and hung limp, illegible—which was perhaps just as well, since it said "Welcome to Emperor Nehru." An Indian district officer shrugged and rolled his eyes. "It would have been better organized in the British days," he shouted apologetically in my ear.

Nehru performed the cot-reversing ceremony, then grasped the microphone and invited the Lohars to enter Chittorgarh Fort.

Instantly there was a mass movement forward over a million rose petals. A haze of dust and shouting. The Mewar Bhil fife band in its green banners and leopard skins inaudible except for its big drum. Fifty thousand tramping feet across the bridge. In the confusion the press cars went astray and we had to jump aboard the V. I. P. jeeps, slowed to walking pace. All up the narrow roadway people stood on balconies, benches, and roofs, waving flags, showering rose petals and jasmine. Then in the square within Chittorgarh Fort, Nehru performed the *tilak* (welcoming) ceremony, placing a dot of vermilion on the Lohar leaders' foreheads.

As we drove down again, he was clearly in high spirits. From my place in the chief security jeep, just in front of the scarlet sedan, I could hear him say, "There's a taste of my socialistic pattern for you."

It would probably have been better organized in the British days—but not half so much fun.

THAT MAN OF YORK

Jess Gitt's Daily Wasp . . *by George Rudisill, Jr.*

"I NEVER read the *Gazette and Daily*," protested my Republican godfather, "but occasionally I take a look at my neighbor's copy just to see how far That Man will go." "That Man" is J. W. Gitt, for the past forty years editor and publisher of the *Gazette and Daily* of York, Pennsylvania. York County, where he is a constant source of inspiration and irritation, in a conservative but perversely Democratic community of Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and small manufacturers.

Jess Gitt's standards of personal and journalistic integrity have always been high, and his paper bears out his early belief that "a newspaper is a public servant and to be permanently successful must be faithful to the interests of the public it serves. It dare not be selfish. It dare not be mercenary." His creed is in marked contrast to a formula which appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1925: "A newspaper is a private enterprise, owing nothing to the public, which grants it no franchise. It is therefore 'affected' with no public interest. It is emphatically the property of its owner, who is selling a manufactured product at his own risk."

Gitt has demonstrated that public service and "successful" journalism can be combined. His paper has the largest circulation in the county—almost 36,000 and still increasing; it won the N. W. Ayer award for typography and make-up for tabloids regardless of circulation four years running (1946-49); and according to Irving Dilliard, director of the editorial page of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Gitt's own editorials "would distinguish a newspaper with a dozen times the circulation of the one for which he writes."

J. W. Gitt

The *Gazette and Daily*, like its editor, of whose dominant personality the paper is largely a projection, is known for its determined independence and uncompromising support of progressive causes. As Louis Adamic once wrote of Gitt and his editors, "They simply refuse to be intimidated." This is a costly policy. Liquor and patent medicine ads are out. The paper invites complaints from the public about misrepresentations on the part of its advertisers and prints Federal Trade Commission reports on their products. Such independent ways usually mean more than the loss of advertising. "It almost goes without saying," Gitt recently observed, "that a man who runs a newspaper and lives up to the ideal of printing the news without fear or favor will not have a large circle of friends." "Only

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if he has a thick hide and a determined conviction of right," he has said, "can the non-conformist carry on in times of hysteria, or indeed in almost any other period."

NON-CONFORMITY, of course, is relative. During the war and its aftermath, when such writers as Max Lerner, J. Alvarez del Vayo, Lowell Mellett, Harold J. Laski, Owen Lattimore, I. F. Stone, Theodore White, George Seldes, Andrew Roth, Albert Deutsch, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and Anna Louise Strong graced the second editorial page, the *Gazette and Daily* was not so out of step with the times. But now the paper is almost the only United States daily that is still reporting the cold war rather than waging it. The peak of non-conformity was reached in 1948 when the paper backed Henry Wallace and Jess Gitt became chairman of the Progressive Party in Pennsylvania, where only two newspapers, with a combined circulation of 58,226, backed Harry S. Truman and seventy-six, with a circulation of 3,379,700, supported Thomas E. Dewey.

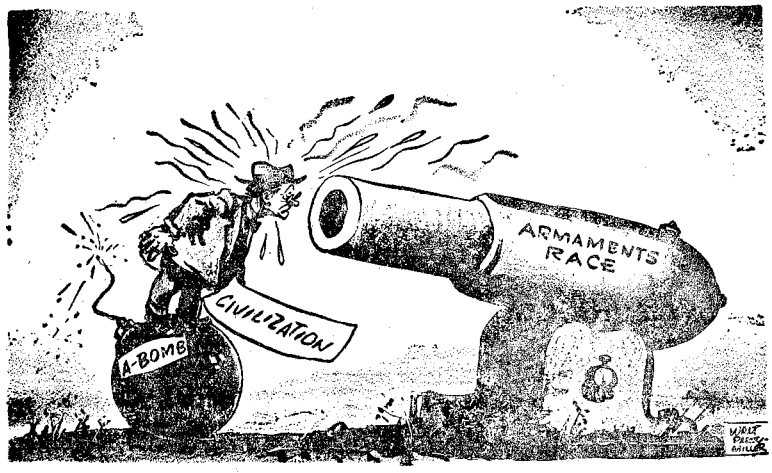
Gitt believes that United States foreign policy by bypassing the United Nations has undermined its usefulness as an instrument of peaceful persuasion. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and NATO may have achieved security for the vested interests, both economic and political, but they could not bring about a peaceful settlement of the cold-war issues, if indeed they were ever designed to do that. Today the emphasis has shifted to Asia, but the policy remains the same. "We are getting to the national-honor stage right now," Gitt recently warned—a dangerous portent for world peace. "We have certainly got ourselves into a lamentable state of mind if aggression against the Chinese Chiang Kai-shek by those in power in China is interpreted as aggression against us."

At a time when the American public has united in uncritical support of the shibboleth of anti-communism which masquerades as foreign policy, Jess Gitt has refused to be misled by demagogues or timorous administrators who seek to check communism by imitating its most repressive features. To what avail it is hard to say. Citizens of York welcome the *Gazette's* support of flouridation without joining it in questioning the wisdom of German rearmament. They are likely to be less critical of Jess Gitt's unrelenting defense of civil liberties than of his attacks on our Far East policy.

His defiance of a virtually unanimous demand for "national unity" in foreign affairs has given him an unmerited reputation for radicalism. While he has long felt the need for a truly progressive party in the United States—he backed La Follette and the Progressives in 1924—he has never favored any brand of socialism, either Fabian or Marxist. He would simply like to see the electorate rescued from a surfeit of bipartisanship, something he believes the Democrats cannot accomplish so long as the Southern Bourbons hold the balance of power. In economics he is opposed to monopoly, his views on this subject being much like those of T. K. Quinn, author of "Giant Business: Threat to Democracy." His reading of John Maynard Keynes undoubtedly impressed upon him the need for planning. From his experiences as the York County relief chairman under Gifford Pinchot, whom he always supported, he learned what the New Deal really stood for. In working for a healthy democracy and a just society he seeks inspiration in ancient Greece and Asoka's India rather than in Labor Britain or the Soviet utopia.

Grandson of a Reformed clergyman who was more of a philosopher than a theologian, Jess Gitt grew up in an ethical tradition that placed right conduct above creed and insisted that it be practiced for its own sake. This is the real source of his much-berated radicalism. It is simply a matter of personal integrity and intellectual honesty. Journalism, he believes, like history teaches a philosophy of life by example. The important thing is to have a philosophy worth teaching.

Crusading Cartoonist



Walt Partymiller, whose cartoons (see sample above) appear each morning on the front page of the Gazette and Daily, is the newspaper's first full-time editorial cartoonist. He joined the staff ten years ago after some years of free-lancing during which his work appeared in publications such as the Gazette, The Nation, the New Republic, the Survey Graphic and PM. His free-lance career began in Seattle, where the artist sought to reflect something of the titanic labor and civil-rights struggle that engaged the Pacific Northwest in the 1930's. It continued during the years he studied art in New York.

Jess Gitt, publisher of the Gazette, has said of his editorial cartoonist that "it isn't in Walt to draw anything except what is basically liberal and truly in the public interest. He suits us to a T." When Partymiller was mentioned for the American Newspaper Guild's Heywood Broun award several years ago, William L. Shirer referred to him as "cartoonist for one of the most remarkable small daily newspapers in the United States . . . there was no doubt in the judges' minds that Partymiller was as remarkable as his newspaper."

EAST TENNESSEE
Johnson City, Tennessee

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BOOKS

A Chinese Gogol

CHILDREN OF THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE. By Evan King. Rinehart and Company. $5.

By Edgar Snow

SCHOLARSHIP and creative talent have seldom been more successfully combined than in Evan King's novel of pre-revolutionary village life in China. Considered as a work of fiction it is the best thing written by a foreigner about contemporary Chinese for many years; as a sociological study it is as interesting as "Dead Souls." The author is almost Gogol's equal when it comes to bucolic characterization, and he is not much behind him in sense of comedy—tempered by an underlying wonder and pity. Certain scenes are as funny in their close-up view of human absurdity as anything in "The Inspector-General."

"Evan King" is the nom de plume adopted by Robert S. Ward when he was still a United States foreign-service officer in China. Probably the most brilliant language student sent there after our China service was established, he so immersed himself in Chinese culture that he is at times able to take you right inside the skins of these people. He has learned to think in Chinese and in some degree to write like their classics—in prose distinguished by lucidity and grace and by what Chinese might call "roundness" or fulness. Undeniably some of the digressions in this book—such as the busness about hexagrams, yin and yang, fox demons, Confucianism, Taoism, and the writings of Mo Tzu—are pretty long-winded interruptions of the main story. Personally I don't mind. They seem to me to add as much to a full appreciation of the "Children of the Black-Haired People" as the many pages of painfully recorded research on cetacean life contribute to "Moby Dick."

King has probably been influenced by Melville in other respects—the anachronism of his style, for example. But that is also curiously reminiscent, as it flows on with majestic rhythms and undulations, of Chinese classics such as the "Shui Hu Chuan" and the "Red Chamber Dream." In his treatment of bedroom material, also, the author reminds us of still another Chinese classic, the Rabelasian "Chin P'ing Mei," for he is equally candid concerning sex appetites, lusts, and the libidinous, and as moralistic in his analysis of evil. By the time the long book ends it has fully animated all the hypocrisies in the practical application of basic philosophical principles, customs, taboos, superstitions, and prejudices which governed the loves, hates, and routine of life in a typical village.

OUR words "China" and "Chinese" are of course European inventions; the Chinese call themselves Sons of Han or Middle-Kingdom People or by more fanciful names. One of the latter is Children of the Black-Haired People. King's story about them is timed thirty years ago, during the Nationalist revolution, and it takes place in the Li Family Village in Shansi, in the north. Third Immortal Maiden is a diabolically clever peasant woman who learns the black arts after she is seduced by Precious as Pearl, head of the local gentry. Having disposed of her stupid husband, Precious as Pearl gets her into a powerful secret society where she helps the rich Li clan hold and enlarge its control over the peasants. When already past her prime she develops a lustful passion for Iron Lock, a handsome young peasant who comes to one of her seances. But Iron Lock sees Second Lass, Third Immortal Maiden's slave girl, and at once falls in love with her. While the seeress is planning to seduce him, he and Second Lass secretly become lovers. When this is revealed, Third Immortal Maiden tries to prevent their "against-the-rites" marriage but fails. Consulting her incense bowl, her gods, and her horoscopes, she publicly predicts their ruin and privately vows eternal vengeance.

The story revolves largely around the skilful maneuvers with which the Third Immortal Maiden, helped by the Li clan gentry and good luck, gradually brings about the total downfall of the young couple and all their friends. They become first the symbolical and next the literal personification of "peasant rebellion" and of everything hateful to the gentry about "modern reform." Second Lass is banished as a fox demon. Iron Lock loses his land; then Mayor Precious as Pearl tricks him into a position where he can save his own head only by surrendering to the lecherous demands of Third Immortal Maiden. In this dilemma the author mercifully contrives an awakening for his hero just at a point where he has begun to seem almost too stupid to be believable.

Minor and appealing characters such as Possessed of Talent, Wang of Peaceful Fortune, Cold Beginning, and Omen of Courage are involved in sub-plots which at times sustain the major interest. As only English meanings of Chinese proper names are used, with no transliterations, readers unfamiliar with the language will have trouble identifying originals where real people are concerned. How many will recognize in "General Tin Mountain" our old friend Yen Hsi-shan, former "model governor" of Shansi? Or know "Lone Stone" for our stout ally, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek? West of the Mountains may be permissible for Shansi province, but surely City of Upper Sea for Shanghai, Heaven's Ferry for Tientsin, and so on, are preciosity carried to pointless obscurity.

Despite its idiosyncrasies the novel's prescience is clear enough. This is the end of a decadent society that had exhausted the possibilities of its long-nailed magistrates and gentry, its immortal maidens, its rule by secret societies of procurers, by superstitions and cabalistic controls. Science and knowledge and the long winds of change—carrying new portents of good and evil—are raging outside the ruined walls of Li Village. And thoroughgoing violent revolution is not far off.

EDGAR SNOW is the author of "Red Star Over China" and other books.

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Early American Radicals

REBELS AND DEMOCRATS. The Struggle for Equal Political Rights and Majority Rule During the American Revolution. By Elisha P. Douglass. University of North Carolina Press. $5.

By R. R. Palmer

MUCH of the recent writing on the American Revolution stresses its conservative character. Mr. Douglass does not deny it. By its conservatism, however, he means not only defense against encroachments on American liberties originating in England but defense against native American radicalism originating in the colonies before and during the struggle for independence. His book is about these native radicals, the "rebels and democrats" of the American Revolution. While admitting that the main stream was relatively conservative, he shows how this "conservatism" of the Revolution was itself shaped by the existence of a movement farther to the left. No one after reading the book will feel inclined to dismiss his revolutionary democrats as minor characters in the play. By "democrats" he means those who demanded manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, a single legislative chamber, eligibility to office with little or no property qualification, short terms of office, popular ratification of constitutions, and other measures designed to keep government responsive to the people as a whole.

He proceeds state by state, though without giving the same attention to all. He begins with South Carolina, the clearest case of successful conservatism, concluding that there the colonial upper class actually intrenched itself by throwing off the British authority. He then moves to New York, describes the agitation of the 1760's, points out its social rather than purely political character as a protest against the quasi feudal landlord-and-tenant regime, and shows how a predominantly conservative state constitution emerged from these conflicts in 1777. Most of the book is devoted to a more detailed treatment of North Carolina, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, where the democratic forces were politically most effective. In North Carolina the democrats, after being forcibly suppressed in the Regulator movement, renewed their demands during the troubles with England and succeeded in getting a number of democratic features written into the state constitution; in practice, nevertheless, the "courthouse rings," or groups of governing families in the counties, remained intact. In Massachusetts the small farmers blocked attempts of the upper-class revolutionaries to preserve the colonial charter as the state constitution; in the ensuing contest certain basic concepts of popular sovereignty, of the difference between constituent and legislative power, and of the role of a special constituent body, or "convention," were worked out. The distinctive feature in Pennsylvania was the formation of a true democratic party; here the fact that the back-country farmers were in arms and were needed as soldiers by the somewhat pacifistic Quaker oligarchy in its quarrel with England gave a peculiarly practical character to the situation.

MANY reflections suggest themselves. The author believes the revolutionary democrats, in asserting themselves against the established colonial aristocracies, took the lead in institutionalizing such abstract concepts as the social contract and sovereignty of the people. The constitutional convention, the written constitution itself, and the idea of the legislature as possessing only a derivative delegated authority were the result. On the other hand, such characteristic American institutions as bicameralism and the separation of powers arose under conservative sponsorship, in the arena of practical politics, as means of checking the democratic thrust.

It seems clear from Mr. Douglass's book that the democratic strength lay in rural regions and in what was then the West; the lower classes in Boston or Philadelphia could do nothing alone. The grass-roots character of democratic ideas is to be noted; a Jacksonian democracy, if one may so call it, already existed before its Jeffersonian variant entered upon the national stage. Indeed, Mr. Douglas, while maintaining great respect for Jefferson, sharply distinguishes between him and the kind of common-man democrats he is talking about.

The author rarely mentions Europe. His characters never cite a Continental thinker, except Montesquieu, who was quoted most frequently on the conservative side. It is therefore uncanny to find the grass-roots and Western farmers of the Berkshires, or of Lancaster County in Pennsylvania, delivering themselves of propositions strangely similar to those of Rousseau, of whom they had probably never heard. "The Great Secret of Government is governing all by all," announced Spencer, Massachusetts, in words surely suggesting Rousseau more than Locke.

Mr. Douglass concludes on an irenic note, declaring that American liberty owes much to both the conservative and the democratic forces of the Revolution. He makes many

R. R. PALMER, Dodge professor of history at Princeton University, is the author of "Twelve Who Ruled," "A History of the Modern World," and other books.

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sensible remarks on the weaknesses as well as the achievement of his rebellious democrats, and on why the conflict between democrats and conservatives did not develop the animosity, fear, and vindictiveness that made the class problems of Europe so pernicious.

A Developing Democracy

ISRAEL'S EMERGING CONSTITUTION, 1948-1951. By Emanuel Rackman. Columbia University Press. $3.

By A. Leo Levin

UNWRITTEN and unratified, Israel's constitution requires somewhat special treatment. As a developing pattern of democratic procedures which govern the operation of the state, the constitution is real enough. It can and does exist without the fixed text of any document more formal or immutable than simple statutes. Yet one should not underestimate the important role a written constitution would play in giving stability to the pattern, particularly in a new state which lacks controlling traditions.

Israel has tried, seriously and at length, to develop a written constitution. Rackman deals ably with the attempt, with the factors which have prevented success, and with the substitutes which have been made to serve. He slights neither the institutional view of the constitution as it exists nor the importance of the work yet to be done. His book contains valuable material for understanding the government and politics of the new state.

The chief deterrent to the adoption of a comprehensive basic law is the religious problem. Differences over such matters as religious control of personal status, the availability of civil marriage and divorce, government control of pork production are at the heart of the current controversy. Rackman is himself an eloquent advocate of renewed creativity in Jewish religious law, but he preserves an admirable objectivity in assessing the probabilities of change and in criticizing both those whom he favors and those whom he has long opposed. The religious bloc, too often treated as a unitary force because it has presented a single list in national elections, is revealed as the combination of four often bickering parties which it is. The time-hallowed cry of "clericalism" is put in perspective against the background of total lack of economic power in the most rightist of the religious groups and the liberal social and economic policies which the "lion" of the coalition, the religious labor party (Hapoel Hamizrachi), shares with the secularist Mapai.

Rackman finds a serious threat to the constitutional development of Israel in the large number of political parties. These engender excessive party zeal and force members of the coalition Cabinet to dissipate their energies protecting narrow party interests no less against their partners in power than against the opposition.

There is a fascination about the process of birth which lends sparkle to what might otherwise have been prosaic, technical material. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the painstaking description of early governmental practices, their historical antecedents, and the gradual evolution of a more complex and stable system. Rackman offers a rich collection of material in this section, much of it not elsewhere available in English.

The book's greatest defect is its time limit. Much has happened since 1951. A new method of selection of judges has attracted interest in this country and might well be emulated. Developments with respect to the jurisdiction of the religious courts deserve careful analysis. Perhaps when Israel's written constitution becomes a reality, Rackman will write a supplement to this book. After all, the state of Israel is hardly more than half as old as was the United States when our Constitution was finally ratified.

A. LEO LEVIN is professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania and chairman of the editorial board of the Jewish Horizon.

Books in Brief

More About Johnson

YOUNG SAM JOHNSON. By James L. Clifford. McGraw-Hill. $5.75.

THE HIGHLAND JAUNT. By Moray McLaren. Sloane. $4.

Samuel Johnson took a rather cavalier attitude toward literary scholarship. His disciples do not, and here are two more impressive additions to the mountainous accumulation of documents, facts, and interpretations. Professor Clifford, whose book might have been called "The Johnson Boswell Didn't Know," presents the first full account of his hero's early life, and Mr. McLaren dogs the footsteps of the famous pair on their "perambulation" of wild Scotland. Though the one book is only a sort of footnote while the other represents a major contribution, both add new facts which help to complete the picture. Mr. McLaren, being a passionate Scotsman and an accomplished antiquarian, knows his terrain as it was and as it is. Professor Clifford, long recognized for his tireless researches, has built up a picture richer in fact and atmosphere than most scholars would have believed it possible to draw of Johnson's life from birth to the time when he was just emerging from obscurity. The reconstruction of the corporate and social life of Lichfield is particularly impressive and surprisingly interesting. In fact, the general reader will find both of these books more rewarding than he might be inclined to suspect, and Professor Clifford's is certainly a permanently important contribution to scholarship.

Discerning but Dull

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $3.95.

John P. Marquand's books seem to become automatic best-sellers. In other best-selling novelists this might be accounted for by a certain lack of respectability, but Mr. Marquand's books are thoroughly respectable. They also tend to be dull.

"Sincerely, Willis Wayde" is a

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sincere effort to portray the self-righteous insincerity of an American business type. It is a depressing effort because Mr. Marquand approaches his Babbitt with a unique rigidity of his own. His portrait certainly cannot be indicted for inaccuracy; indeed, there is no escape from the monotone of Mr. Marquand's accuracy. Details are set down with regular and insistent rhythm, like drops from a water faucet. The New England factory town and the New England aristocrats, the salesmen and the hotel rooms, the "deals" and double-cross of high finance—all are drawn carefully and clearly.

The dulness, however, remains. Perhaps Babbitt has been given literary life once too often; perhaps another dimension is needed which Mr. Marquand has not been able to discover. Perhaps also, Mr. Marquand has neglected what is, after all, a literary truism—that novelists must face the challenge of dealing imaginatively and sympathetically even with protagonists who are essentially unimaginative and unsympathetic.

Existentialist Sermon

ALL MEN ARE MORTAL. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. $5.

"All Men Are Mortal" is an oddly ponderous fantasy; a tour de force superimposing an existentialist sermon on the familiar story of a man who becomes immortal by drinking a magic potion. Wandering through a wide variety of human cultures and conflicts, Simone de Beauvoir's hero finds that perpetual being makes action and inaction equally meaningless.

Mme de Beauvoir, as always, is at her best when dealing with neurotic or self-assertive individuals. The most successful portrait in this book is that of a woman who demands the ultimate assertion of self, the power to break through the indifferent facade of other minds and shape the universe to her image. She falls in love with an immortal, however, and so meets obliteration; her life becomes a smudge on a blank wall, erased even as it is being drawn. The moral: reality has meaning only for those with faith enough to act in the face of their own mortality.

Beginning as a stimulating examination of the human ego, "All Men Are Mortal" soon founders in self-inflicted futility. "Why do people bother to live, since they are going to die anyway?" its hero asks from the pinnacle of immortality. He continues to ask it, however, under all manner of circumstances, until the entire problem becomes vapid. The novel finally lurches into a philosophical stutter interesting chiefly for the brilliance of the Beauvoir verbal pyrotechnics.

Southern Summer Camp

TO EAT A PEACH. By Calder Willingham. The Dial Press. $3.

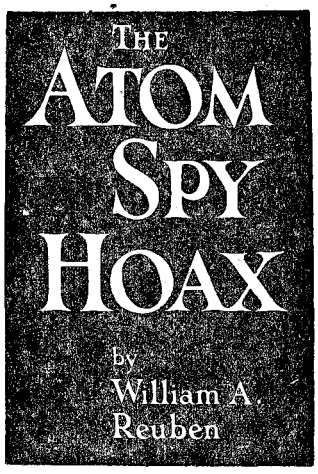
Calder Willingham's new novel is a pungent recreation of a summer camp—Southern, of course—and the familiar types who meander about the woods and shoddy tennis courts enjoying outdoor life. There is the extrovert athletic instructor, appropriately enough named Ham, the eccentric camp director, and the female dietician; there is also what passes for a young intellectual, and—most important—the attractive young girl who serves as an erotic gadfly in the otherwise placid existence of Camp Walden.

The primary resource of Mr. Willingham is rapid and effortless prose echoing with wit and narrative melopoeia; he uses verbal tones like a virtuoso. He does, however, have affection for and knowledge of his people; within the stylized pirouette of his narrative there is exact observation. He gets within the individuals of his book, but remains detached enough to present them with effective irony. Ultimately, however, this detachment—despite the wit it makes possible—is crippling. The literary artist certainly must manipulate his material for effect, but preoccupation with effect defeats its own ends, no matter what resources of language and observation are possessed by the writer.

Mildly Terrifying

TERROR IN THE MODERN VEIN. Seventeen Unusual Tales; An Anthology Edited and with an Introduction by Donald A. Wollheim. Hanover House. $3.95.

Mr. Wollheim's collection is rather carelessly edited, and its title is not particularly apt, for few of the stories



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—Bernard M. Loomer, Prof. of Philosophy & Religion at the Divinity School of the Univ. of Chicago, in The Nation, May 28.

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are terrifying. Wells's The Croquet Player was written when his powers were failing; H. P. Lovecraft, represented by He, is strictly for readers with strong appetite for lush prose; Kafka's The Burrow is tedious as only Kafka can be tedious. Four resurrected items range from the dull to the undistinguished, leaving a slim group of ten stories for serious consideration. Of these, Robert Heinlein's They—forerunner of a number of variations, most of them first class—is grimly amusing; Fritz Leiber's social comment The Girl with the Hungry Eyes and Ray Bradbury's angry The Crowd are disturbing—a much greater achievement than the creation of vulgar "terror." A. E. Coppard's Gone Away is slight but enjoyable; Shipshape Home is science fiction by one of the newer masters but far from in his best vein. The Dream Makers by Robert Bloch is an exasperating near-miss which originally appeared in *Galaxy*—possibly during a period when the editor dropped his critical guard. The remaining three tales—Fritzchen by Charles Beaumont, The Fishing Season by Robert Sheckley, and The Rag Thing by David Grinnell—are fair run-of-the-mill, such as can be found in almost any issue of the better fantasy or science-fiction magazines.

Music

B. H. Haggin

FOR its recent New York engagement Ballet Theater had the idea of reviving some of its earlier productions with former members of the company in guest appearances in their original roles. And this worked out well in some performances I saw, but poorly in some others.

In the Tudor "Romeo and Juliet" with Markova and Laing it worked out poorly. As early as 1946 Markova had begun to exhibit the reduced intensity which by now had reached the point where her dancing was completely without the projected animation and force that once made her quick darting movements in the early scenes of "Romeo" and her lyrical lifts in the bedroom and vault scenes breathtaking. It was Alonso's dancing in a later performance that now was breathtaking in this way; and it was Youskevitch, in this performance, who exhibited not only the security in sustained balances and slow turns that Laing no longer has, but the fluidity of subtly inflected movements that Laing never had.

The part of Taglioni in Dolin's "Pas de quatre" lent itself better to Markova's miniature-scale operation, in which the configurations of her body as it moved through the air or came to rest in a pose were exquisite. But Moylan, in a later performance, reminded us of the exciting leaps which Markova's present itsy-bitsy hops are reduced from.

Of Tudor's "Jardin aux lilas" also the performance with Viola Essen back in the role of the bride and Tudor as the bridegroom was much less effective than the one with Nora Kaye and Job Sanders in these roles (Sanders, an exceptionally gifted young dancer, was given nothing but old men to do). And other performances of Lichine's "Graduation Ball" must have been more effective than the one I saw with Lichine himself as a portly forty-year-old who somehow had strayed in among the cadets of the military school.

On the other hand Agnes de Mille's "Three Virgins and the Devil" with de Mille, Chase, Annabelle Lyon, and Lazovsky in their old roles came off delightfully. It would have achieved sheer perfection if Jerome Robbins had also been there to do the Youth's saunter across the stage with an economy in its jauntiness that Kriza might emulate. And Lazovsky's Petrushka retained its power—though in a performance in which the carnival scenes were a shambles.

The program that began with the Markova-Laing "Romeo" ended with Balanchine's "Theme and Variations"—previously one of the company's most distinguished achievements—which shocked me this time with the evidence of diminishing powers in the classical dancing of Alonso and Yousketvitch, and with the company's lack of the sharp clarity and animation I had become used to seeing in the dancing of the New York City Ballet. The Ballet Theater corps exhibited the same lethargy and blurring in a shabby performance of "Swan Lake" in which Alonso returned to her old practice of doing too much too hard; and here again Youskevitch had to have the tempo slowed down in part of his solo. Kaye also required this in the opening section of the "Black Swan" pas de deux; but her young partner Erik Bruhn executed his brilliant leaps and turns with the ease, elegance, and noble style of a superb classical dancer. And I might add here that in the revival of Massine's "Aleko" with Alonso and Kriza in the Markova and Laing roles, it was Bruhn in the Skibine role who, with his elegant sustained style, contributed the only impressive moments in all the Massine clutter.

It was good to see Muriel Bentley again in Robbins's "Fancy Free"; and it would have been even better if Robbins himself had returned not only to dance his original part but to clean up the production. Even in its hammed-up state this piece and its performance were one of the best things Ballet Theater offered—the others I saw being Loring's "Billy the Kid," the second scene of de Mille's "Rodeo" (I don't like the first scene), and Ross's "Caprichos." In them Kriza, though a little less secure in his dancing, remained an outstanding performer.

It seems to me that Ballet Theater would do well to stop thinking up spectacular ideas like this one of revivals with guest appearances by former members of the company, and settle down instead to the urgent task of building up a stable company for a stable repertory. And in this it would be wise to disregard the flattering suggestion by its doting admirer John Martin. The New York City Ballet's excitingly beautiful production of even one act of "Swan Lake" with a ballerina and corps superbly equipped for the purpose brought from Mr. Martin only a stern rebuke to the company for messing around with such old chestnuts; but in the Ballet Theater performances of this act with Nora Kaye Mr. Martin's eyes recently saw the company and the "ideal ballerina for a full-length 'Swan Lake.'"

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Letters

The Congress of Women

Dear Sir: Mr. Gillmor in his too kind article about me in The Nation of May 14 makes one slip which I hope you will be good enough to let me correct. It is not the case that the International Congress of Women which met at The Hague forty years ago was under the leadership of two American women. It was initiated by European women, especially a well-known Dutch doctor, Dr. Aletta Jacobs.

In the United States the way was prepared by Rosika Schwimmer and Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. Jane Addams was invited to preside, and I was a very inconspicuous member of a delegation of some forty-six women who went over with her on the old ship, Noordam.

EMILY GREENE BALCH

Wellesley, Mass.

More on Soviet Consumers

Dear Sirs: William M. Mandel, in a letter in The Nation of May 7, seems to suggest that something like a miracle of the loaves and fishes has occurred in the Soviet Union. According to Mr. Mandel, meat consumption in Russia today is much greater than it was in 1928, although a detailed report by the Soviet leader, Nikita Khrushchev, shows that the per capita supply of livestock was lower in 1953 than in 1928. As there have been no recorded meat imports into the Soviet Union of any consequence, the mystery of how more meat to feed a larger population can be obtained from fewer cattle is left unexplained.

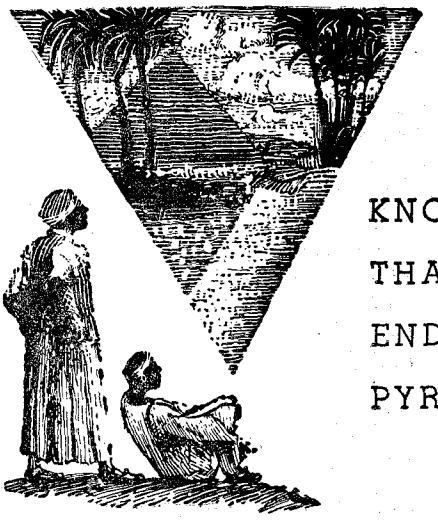
Two of Mr. Mandel's other "proofs" of the good life in the Soviet Union seem open to question. Anyone who has lived in the Soviet Union—I happen to have been born there, of American parents—knows that pre-revolutionary houses were as a rule more carefully and solidly built than those of Soviet construction. And the peasants might well prefer old-fashioned homespun to the shoddy and very undurable cloth often turned out by Soviet factories.

ELIZABETH EPSTEIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Socialism and Human Beings

Dear Sirs: Professor Cole's article, A New Socialist Program, published in the April 23 issue of The Nation is about the most intelligent writing I



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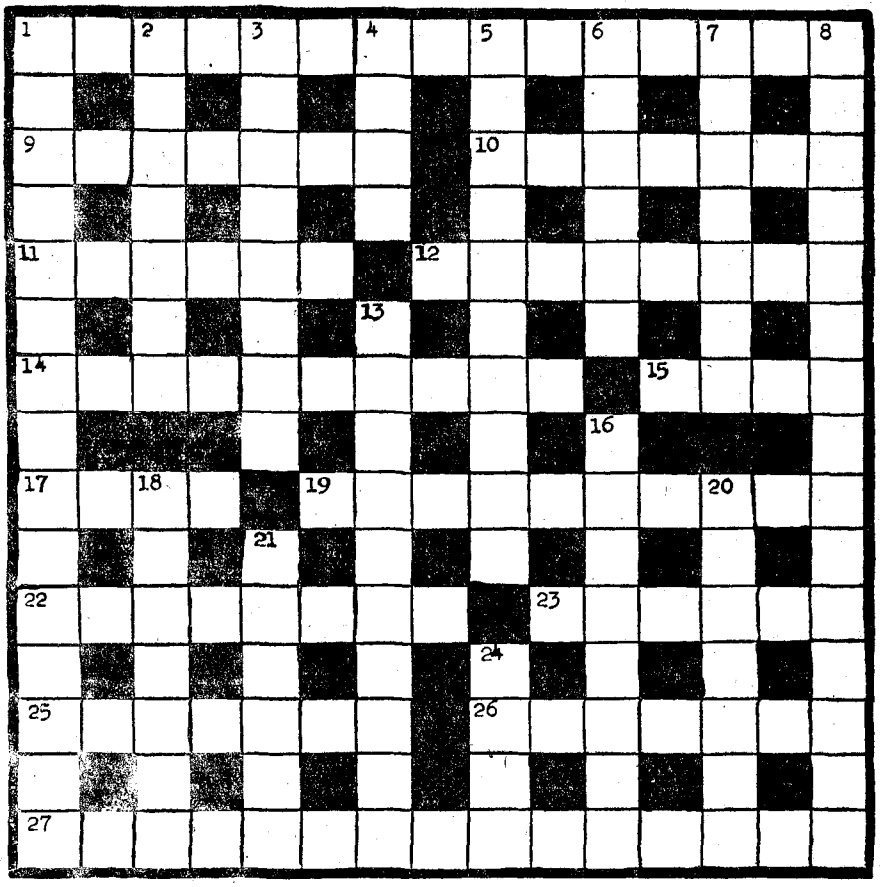
Crossword Puzzle No. 622

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 10 across.
9 Are tall, but not forward. (7)
10 and 1 across Novel setting as seen by the emperor? (3, 4, 4, 7, 4)
11 A way to prepare potatoes with one rib. (6)
12 The musicians take it to and fro. (8)
14 Order to pay after getting irritated by the extra examination? (5-5)
15 To check an article, perhaps. (4)
17 Every one has a bad pain! (4)
19 Art invites it, with some object in view probably! (10)
22 Wrong? Sure it's wrong, and causes some anguish. (8)
23 More political romance! (6)
25 One might see it creep around the kitchen. (7)
26 Macassar, perhaps. (4,3)
27 Duck down here when the fire is right. (Unless one prefers to draw on a pipe! (8, 7)

DOWN

1 This doesn't mean that graduate students are little better than animals. (6, 9)
2 One way to get to Rio, an entirely different type of city. (7)
3 Going to the bad through poetry. (8).
4 A dark spot underground or in the water? (4)
5 Delightful. (10)
6 Keep close watch around Miller's river when it's rising fast. (6)
7 Was sex confused with 15? (7)
8 Did song afford comfort in the depression? (4,2,3,6)
13 A lot larger than a village dance. (10)
16 In a cold dry wind, I couldn't get a dozen people to agree with it. (8)
18 Where colonial people are cordial. (7)
20 Burst in spirited vein? (7)
21 Project in which the little title comes up for a professional man. (6)
24 Harrison and Taylor, typically. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 621

ACROSS: 1 and 11 BEDLINGTON TERRIER; 10 and 6 SCATTER RUGS; 12 FIREDAMP; 13 STOIC; 15 PAGED; 17 CLERGYMAN; 19 DILIGENCE; 21 STERN; 23 and 24 RADIOACTIVITY; 27 OVERSEE; 28 VIOLENT; 29 TEST; 30 PERSISTENT. DOWN: 1and 25 BASS VIOLS; 2 DRAWING; 3 and 16 IN THE DOGHOUSE; 4 GERFALCON; 5 ON TOP; 7 UNIFORM; 8 STRYCHNINE; 9 PRESAGES; 14 SPIDERWORT; 18 ELECTIVES; 20 LADDERS; 22 EXTREME; 24 ADELE; 26 STET.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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have seen in a long time. Conservatism, progressivism, socialism, democracy, communism—so many "isms" and so very little positive thinking. . . . It seems to me that everybody knows pretty well what he is against these days, but who really knows what he is for?

I would go along cheerfully with the "four things" Mr. Cole considers subjects for this interchange of ideas. I would like to add one all-important point. We cannot improve the lot of humanity unless we improve human beings.

How do human beings learn? How do they form their impressions of the world they live in? When we can understand this process, we shall know how to educate humanity to be civilized and mature.

MARY ALICE HILTON

La Canada, Calif.

More on Haiti

Dear Sirs: The recent exchanges in your columns concerning the extent of democracy in Haiti prompt us as Americans somewhat familiar with the facts to add our comment. Neither critics nor defenders of this valiant little republic point out the basic and undisputed fact which makes democracy so difficult.

The basic fact is that 90 per cent of Haiti's four and a half million people speak one language, Creole, as their only tongue, while the other 10 per cent speak French as theirs. All the French-speaking Haitians also speak Creole, but few of the Creole-speaking peasants can speak or understand French. This puts the French-speaking minority in control of government, as well as education, since Creole is not a written language. All newspapers, books, radio, movies thus reach only a fraction ofthe people.

Under such conditions how can a democratic system as we understand it function? The masses of the people simply ignore the government. Nor can political parties exist in any true sense —nor indeed representative organizations. Government is confined to the literate minority which professes democratic principles it can practice only within the limits of its own group. Not until a common language binds Haitians together as a single people will a real democracy be possible.

SELDEN RODMAN
ROGER BALDWIN

Oakland, N. J.

CORRECTION:

In Alexander Werth's article, Seven Days to Peace?, reference was made incorrectly to the eighty-fifth anniversary of Lenin's death. The reference should have been to the thirty-first anniversary, which was celebrated in Russia on January 21 this year.

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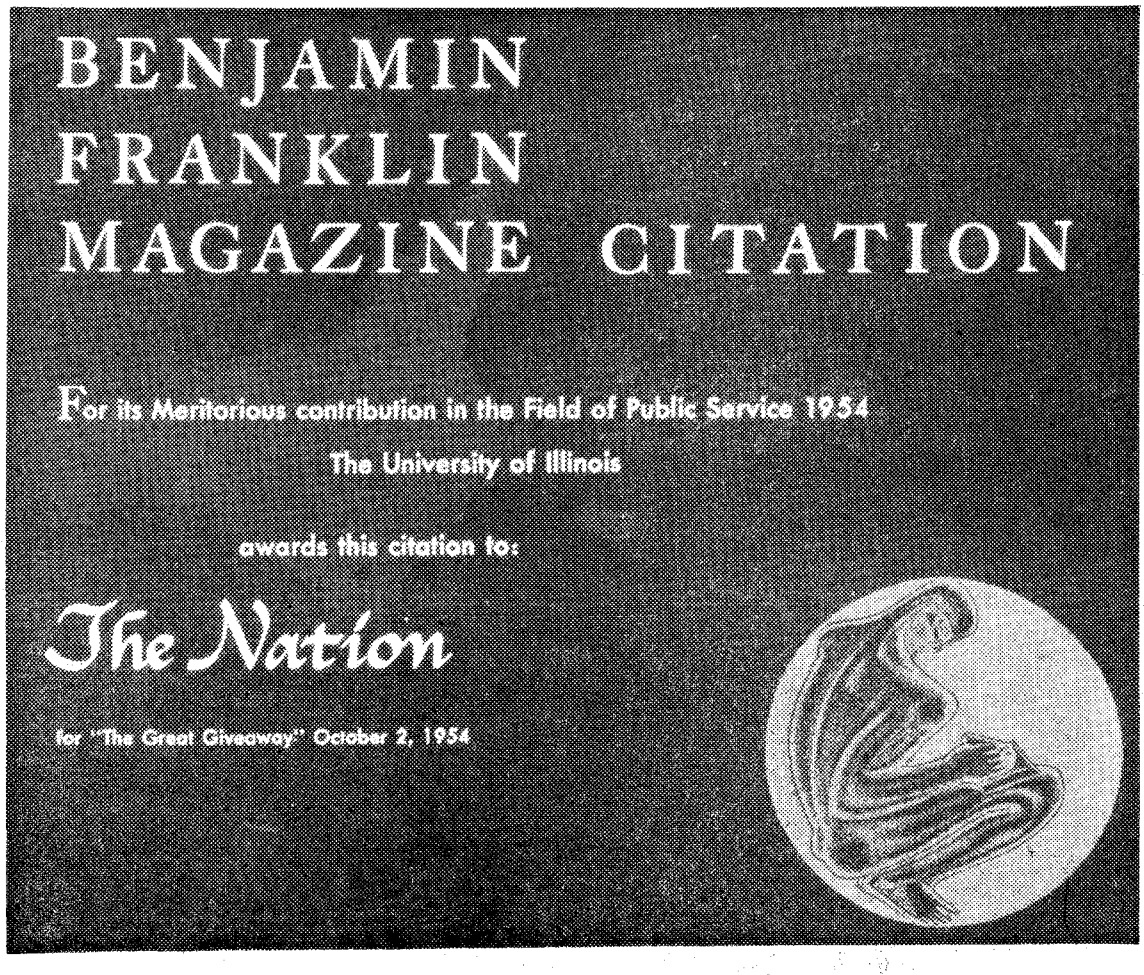
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